

HER DREAMS CAME TRUE

Life Unbearable from Indigestion Health Restored by "Fruit-a-tives"



MELIE C. GAUDREAU

Rochon P.Q., Jan. 14th, 1915. "I suffered for many years with terrible indigestion and constipation. I became thin and miserable. I had frequent dizzy spells and became so run down that I never thought I would get well again.

A neighbor advised me to try "Fruit-a-tives". I did so and to the surprise of my doctor, I began to improve and he advised me to go on with "Fruit-a-tives". I continued this medicine and all my indigestion and constipation was relieved. I consider that I owe my life to "Fruit-a-tives" and I want to say to those who suffer from indigestion, constipation or headaches, try "Fruit-a-tives". Give this lovely fruit medicine a fair chance and you will get well the same as I did."

CORINE GAUDREAU, 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

THE CITADEL

(By Frank Wolcott Hutt)

Boys, the heart's a citadel. Built for strength and beauty. With a watchful sentinel. Doing a ceaseless duty. Garrison your fortress well! Boys, the heart's a citadel. There are enemies outside. Enemies unnumbered. Cunning-handed, evil-eyed. Who have never slumbered: Ready there, with shot and shell! Boys, the heart's a citadel. There are enemies within. Have you never found them? Doing it they can to win. Other foes around them. Rise, the traitors to dispel! Boys, the heart's a citadel. Keep the colors waving high. Let no foe despoil them. Let none dare their worth decay. Nor dishonor soil them. Let the brave example tell— Safely guard the citadel. —Selected.

BUSY KING EDWARD

No Doubt Hard Work Caused Death of "Peacemaker"

The serious devotion of King Edward to his work is shown by a story which Lord Redesdale tells in his "Reminiscences" (Hutchinson).

"One night," says his lordship, "I was dining at the club, after King Edward had come to the throne, but before he had moved from Marlborough House into Buckingham Palace. He knew that I was in London for two or three days alone, so he sent over to ask whether I was at the club and if so to bid me go across to him. I found him in his private sitting-room, all alone, and we sat smoking and talking over old times for a couple of hours. Towards midnight he got up and said: "Now I must bid you good night, for I must see to work"—pointing to a huge pile of the familiar red boxes. "Surely," I said, "Your Majesty is not going to tackle all that work tonight!" His answer was "Yes, I must! Besides it is all so interesting," and then he gave me one of his happy smiles and I left him. So interesting! That was the frame of mind in which he faced his work—he, the man who we are expected to believe could not be brought to attend to business."

It might almost be said that King Edward killed himself with work. During the closing days of his life, ill as he was, he worked with his accustomed energy at Buckingham Palace, and "on the Wednesday," to quote Lord Redesdale, "when one of the permanent heads of the Civil Service was with him, he was seized with one of those terrible choking fits of coughing. When he got better his visitor ventured to remonstrate with him, and begged him to rest, and even to go to bed, but he ridiculed the idea and said, "No, I shall not give in; I shall work to the end. Of what use is it to be alive if one cannot work?" That was how he fulfilled his declaration to the Privy Council on his accession, that "so long as there was breath in his body he would work for the good and amelioration of his people."

MID SERBIAN SNOWS

A Story of the Great War

(By "Medicus" in the Christian World)

A vast, dungeon-like cellar, crowded with rather grimy beds, though in the scanty light furnished by an occasional candle stuck in a bottle, everything looked vague and gray. The air was heavy with the odor of iodine, with which the trim English nurses, calm as if in one of their home-land hospitals, were washing the patients' wounds. Belgrade's waterworks had been almost the first place aimed for and destroyed in that terrific bombardment of Oct. 5th and 6th, 1915, when over 50,000 shells were hurled into the doomed city in two days by the great guns of the invading Austrians and Hungarians.

The electric light had soon followed the waterworks, and then, as the firing seemed to concentrate on the big hospital with its conspicuous Red Cross flag, the thousands of wounded Serbs were carried down to the cellars, where the ground shook continually with the thundering detonation of the giant shells, the force of the explosions sending the glass in every window in the hospital and near-by buildings down to the ground in a shivered rain.

Belgrade which occupies a most awkward position for the capital of a country, with only the blue Danube between her and her steady enemy, Austria, had been bombarded several times during that war of the nations, but never like this. This time it was really the hot front of the war machine that was pressing down upon us. And Serbia must face it all alone though she is only a little people—just four millions—and sorely weakened, moreover, by her summer-long fight with typhus. But there was no help in sight from her great Allies. Russia was still staggering under the terrific blows that had fallen on her that summer of 1915, and England and France, we heard, were landing men at Salonika—but it is a long way off to Salonika and the sea, and the Hun is battering down our doors.

The English Red Cross had sent splendid help to Serbia, and I, a travelling Canadian doctor, who had been caught in the mesh of the out-flying net of war, and had served with the Montenegrin army until the greatness of Serbia's need had brought me to Belgrade, just in time to meet the full blast of the Hun, was working with the English hospital.

In the little screened off space where a score of candles threw the best light we could manage on the table, I had just finished my seventh operation in the three hours I had been on duty, and Jacobs, the big Jew from Winnipeg, who acted as my orderly, had brought me my crutches, when a fine young Serb, whose serious wounds, had just been dressed, struggled to sit up on the stretcher, he was being carried into the cellar on "God grant your every wish, major-doctor," he gasped, "but I pray you give me a medicine, so that I can stand on my feet now and go back to our forts to fight."

"Lie down and be quiet," I said. "When a man is really injured it is his duty to be content to let others do the work."

The nurse in attendance gave a little cough. I looked at her sharply, but she was engaged in sterilizing my instruments with such an intent-on-her-work expression that I concluded she could not have coughed at me. I know I have a fractured leg, but I can walk with crutches, and ride the elderly white Arab mare, Al-at, who escapes being pressed into the terrible work of war transport because in my service. She had carried me down from the friendly mountains of Montenegro, for if my brains and hands could help Serbia, I would certainly serve her, even though on crutches.

The nurse, Sister Zorka—a Bosnian refugee, one of the many Austrian Serbs who hate the country they have been forced to call theirs—followed me to the little underground kitchen where we spent our reliefs. There a row of little coffee pots heat on the black stove, with its fire of glowing charcoal. There is plenty of home-made plum brandy, too, which every Serbian farmer makes and keeps carefully in tiny three-inch high bottles. Also there is hot food, which I feel quite ready for.

Yesterday I could not eat, but today I can, with the same danger of death at any moment, the same terror of not knowing how this agony of battle will end, the same horror of suffering as the wounded men are carried in in a steady stream. For it is either get used to it or go mad, and too many are depending on the sanity of the hospital staff for us to be able to do the last. So I eat with Zorka our typical Serbian meal—white curd cheese, with thick cream, corn bread and raw onions; then stew, where half a chicken floats in a soup flavored with mint and lemon, and with plenty of red pepper. We close with coffee and more corn rolls and cream.

As she pours out my coffee I look at Zorka. She is a good type of the

educated Serb. Tall, broad-headed, fair-haired, and blue-eyed; by the way, her eyes are very fine and her teeth perfect, altogether an ideal healthy and intelligent woman to work with. Her age, I should judge, is about twenty-four. Education and training have made her a duplicate of the English nurses—on the surface; but underneath! I thought of all the complication of the Balkan problem as she talked to me of her people to-night. Forty million Serbs, a sister race to the Russian Slav, some in Serbia and Montenegro, some still under Turkey, and many in lands held by Austria. Then there are the Rumanians, taking their name from their claim to Roman blood, as descendants of an old colony of Rome. Then Greece, moderately friendly with Rumania, but hating the Bulgars—a people of the vague past, but supposed to be connected with the Finns and Hungarians, and despising the Serbs. Next throw in a deep feud between Serbs and Bulgars, dating from the seventh century but exact cause unknown, as far as I can make out. All these—Serb, Rumanian, Bulgar and Greek, except mountain Montenegro—were pressed down under the heel of the Turk in those dark centuries after Constantinople fell, and the conquering Moslem carried his victorious banners to the very gates of Vienna. Yet always these people keep their faith and their nationalism; also, unfortunately their private feuds.

Greece was the first to escape from thraldom. In 1827, after six years of bitter war, England, France, and Russia interfered and forced the Turk to give her freedom. About the same time Serbia was revolting under one Kara (Black) George, a swineherd, but unhappily Russia and Austria intrigued against each other in the little struggling country. Kara George was assassinated. Zorka firmly believed, by a Serbian puppet of Austria's, and when, in 1867, Serbian independence was at last recognized, its king had a job which I am glad was not mine. If he became Austria's tool, his own people—this according to Zorka—hated him, and with a little help from Russian agents "removed" him in one way or another. If he ignored Austria she had him assassinated, at least so Zorka insisted.

The Bulgars seen always to have been rather favored by the Turk, and allowed a considerable measure of self-government, till in 1876, when Turkey discovered that these most favored Christians were actually plotting for complete independence, and she at once committed the unutterable "Belgian atrocities." Russia took up arms, defeating Turkey and securing the independence of Roumania as well as Bulgaria; but the jealousy of the other powers gave Bulgaria a German king, her young men who could go to university went to Germany, her military officers studied at Potsdam. Her people were taught to call themselves the "Prussia of the Balkans." And your Englishman was content," said Zorka. "Anything rather than Russia was her text then: 'I wonder if she thinks the same today?'"

"The more I know of the Balkan problem the less I know how to solve it," I answered. "Yet I cannot think it would have helped to let Russia add all your States to hers, as there is strong reason to believe that she at one time hoped to do."

"Is any country perfect?" asked the girl. "I only know that Russia alone freed Bulgaria, and it is black treason, it is German morality to turn against her because she seems defeated. As for us, we dream of a Pan-Serb kingdom, never of a Pan-Slav. Have you never seen enough of us to know that our nationalisms is too strong for us ever to unite with any land, even with Russia? My very name shows the way our ideals have grown—it is Vinorov; in English, "Wineman." My ancestors had many vineyards, and the Turk called them "sharabji," wineman; so it became our family surname. Then came the beginning of our liberation, when, not unnaturally, we looked on Russia as the champion of oppressed Christians. So, as a free Serb, my grandfather Russianized the name into Sharabjeff. But my father, joining in the movement to put away all Turkish and other foreign names, turned our name to simple Serb. And then your Europe made so many of us Austrian subjects. Why could we not have been allowed to develop ourselves by ourselves?"

As I didn't know, I said nothing, and Zorka went on passionately: "You accuse us of fighting each other, but it was Austria that made our King Milan lead us into the unhappy war with Bulgaria. After we forced his abdication, and crowned his little son, Alexander, we were a most prosperous people. Did you know that there was not a pauper or tramp in Serbia, because we followed the old Bible law, entailing all our land—

NO ALUM



that is, we gave every man some, he might add to it, but he could not sell as much as an ox team can plough round in a day?

"But Austria was jealous; she seized the two great Serb provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and tried to crush our national feeling. Our people were kept in ignorance; they could not hold the slightest Government office; everywhere the dirty Schwab (German) was set over us. That is why tens of thousands of our people fled to Canada; you need never fear that they will join in any German attempts against you. And in Serbia itself Austrian agents debauched our weak king and the worthless woman he had dared to marry, until the people were forced to remove them both."

"But sister, you surely do not justify the assassination of Alexander and Queen Draga?" I protested, thinking of that tragedy of 1903, when the King and Queen of Serbia were deliberately shot by a party of men who forced their way into the Konak (palace) at Belgrade, then retired unpunished, while the people defiantly elected as King Peter Karageorgevitch (Black George's son), descendant of the old Serbian hero."

Zorka's face hardened. "You read the Bible, doctor," she said coldly. "Serbia tries to model her laws on those God gave His people, and it is impossible to let the palace break what the cottage must keep."

Again I had nothing to say, for I knew that both in Montenegro and Serbia the Mosaic code of death for crimes against morality and decency was in force. Men were shot instead of stoned, that was all the difference. It was no use arguing with Zorka; she, like every Serb, believed that Austrian agents had incited Draga to misconduct with them, and Alexander to a drunken indifference to his wife's behavior.

"We did the only thing we could do," repeated Zorka, "though we knew it would make Austria understand us at last. She would no longer try to make Serb kings her tools, but set to work to remove us altogether from among the nations. I know you think we are too ready to assassinate sometimes, but the murder of the arch-duke last June was not done by Serbia; it was the act of one mad Serb who had been sent mad by Austrian oppression. Let God judge him."

"Far be it from me to justify the lawless killing even of wicked men, but I remember that statistics show Austria as the most lax in morals of any nation among the white men, and I have learnt since coming to the Balkans that the local name for Germans, given years before the war—"dirty Schwabs"—refers to moral, not to physical, uncleanness; also that my fierce Serbs rank with the Greeks as the most moral people among us. And there is a Puritan strain in me that makes me glad I and my country are on the side of the Serbs, though those triumphant battering cannon beyond the Danube are thundering that the hour of our doom is near. Let the German teach that nothing is dearer than life to a nation. We, I thank God, do still hold that honor and humanity are more to us than even our existence."

Then Jacobs was in the room. "Those dirty Schwabs have landed on Ciganlija—that's Gipsy's Island, sir," he said. "They smashed our men there with their guns, and I guess it's up to us to evacuate."

The bombardment was slackening, for its work was done. All along the river front men were still fighting fiercely. On our side a gallant rear-guard action, brave men dying cheerfully that their comrades might escape to fight another day.

All the roads west of Belgrade leading to those distant mauve mountains the rock heart of Serbia, are crowded with refugees fleeing from the terror of the name of the Hun and with the retreating army. In a seemingly endless train, I see the guns go by, drawn by great wide-horned oxen. Tiers soldiers on horseback, and then ourselves—fourteen nurses, three doctors and twelve orderlies. We have left our sick to the American Red Cross, and, alas! to Hun war prisoners, and fully \$30,000 worth of hospital supplies to the enemy, for the Red Cross must not destroy its store if forced to retreat without them. We are all on foot but me, for

Alat, with her slender legs and plummy tail, is our only beast of transport, and I feel humiliated that I must ride while women walk beside me. So at a foot's pace we go through wide-spreading forests of beech, where, till yesterday, the countless pigs, which form so large a part of the Serbian farmers' stock, were turned loose to feed. Right or pig pasture in the beech woods is one of Serbia's laws. Then we are out on wide grassy upland, empty now of the oxen and sheep that fed there. The little red-tiled stone houses we pass are all deserted. Lonesomely they stand among their plum orchards and fields of stubble, where corn was growing for home use and wheat for export. Behind us is the crash of bridges being blown up by our rear-guard, and on an upland I look back and see Belgrade, our lost white city (bel is Serb for white, and grad for city). "But, please God, it is only for today," say the men round me with unconquerable heartfulness. "Are we not all in His hands, and in the end will He not make everything right?"

We cross a railway track again, and this time a train—a string of cattle trucks and an engine—is signalling that there is room among the "English hospital." So after their fifteen-mile tramp I see my friends on board and off to Kraguevatz, the great Serb arsenal and present capital of Serbia. I, with Alat, Sister Zorka and Jacobs turn aside to work with the "army" of 150 men, posted at Semendria, to delay the enemy's advance.

Semendria is on the Danube, that curving blue boundary line between Hungary and Serbia. It is a town with a magnificent medieval castle—nineteen giant towers connected with massive walls. But we ignore it, and hide with our long, slim, gray eyes among the hills behind. From the tiny hut, hidden among beeches, that has been assigned to me I go out to where our captain lies in a thick bed of dead ferns, looking through his field glasses. I crouch by him and also look. We are on the highest point of the plateau. On the one hand I can see lines of ox wagons, and countless herds of sheep toiling through the mud of a long valley, and on the other side of our position, where as yet they do not see or suspect the nearness of the fugitive Serbs, are the enemy. They had started to repair a blown-up railway bridge, when the captain pulled a cord by him, and the next minute the river scattered, except those who lay very still on the ground.

"You heard what was done in Belgrade after we left, doctor?" said the captain. "No." It was Belgium over again. They were mad with rage that we had escaped. So all our people are fleeing, and as the men are with the army, it is the women whom you see there escaping with their children, and they must take the sheep, for they give milk and wool, and can be eaten, and our people have no rich England or Holland to escape into like the Belgians had. So we must hold this plateau till they have escaped, and as sheep are so slow moving, I think it likely that we shall be surrounded, and die—for some sheep."

"And for the glory of God and freedom of your brother Serbs," I answered, quoting from the rude memorial stones, crudely painted pictures of a soldier of an upstod slab, which stands in every Serb village in memory of the men who died in the wars with the Turk.

For sixteen days we hold the plateau, fighting incessantly. The mud in the valleys prevents the enemy getting his heaviest guns to bear on us, and we are too high up for the others to do us much harm. A taube flies over us, but we keep quiet among the friendly trees, and only a cunningly arranged "battery" of logs gets a rain of bombs.

Once we have a feast of sheep roasted whole, and our men dance the Kola, the national dance, all one night, because we hear that Serbia has been offered most advantageous peace terms for herself if she will only quit the war and allow the enemy passage across her to fight the Allies, and the gallant little country has scornfully refused. But I wonder how long it will be before help reaches us.

Then came that black day in November. The snow was now deep on the plateau, and the enemy had withdrawn from our neighbourhood, so we were very quiet when the message came that the quarter of a million Bulgars invading Serbia had formed a junction with the 150,000 of our other enemies. Our Allies had not seemed able to prevent this. No one knew anything about them, and as our united enemies moved down Kraguevatz that city was hastily abandoned, and it, the great arsenal, and key to the Serbian railway system, was now held by the enemy. "Serbia is lost—for the present," said our captain gloomily.

As we are now out of food for ourselves and our big guns, we bury these last carefully, and with our rifles start to try and escape through the mountains to wherever our people

have retired. Then Zorka came to me, her nurse's uniform changed for the dress of a Serbian boy—short, baggy trousers, long white kilts, high leather leggings and sandals, and sheepskin coat. "Will you give me permission, doctor," she said quietly, "to wear this dress and fight beside my brothers? You know how women fare in Schwab hands, and the Red Cross will not save me here in these wild mountains."

I knew she was right, and so, though it was against all our Red Cross laws, I said yes. I forgot how many days after it was that the enemy found us—a cheerless little company, bitten by frost, and hunger, in a deep, gloomy valley, beside a dark, swift flowing river.

They called us to surrender, and our captain answered with a hand grenade, the rest was a massacre of madmen, not a battle. They fired on us with their cannon; our men fell in heaps though not a quarter of them were touched, and as the enemy advanced on them, with knife and hand grenade they fought, even as they lay on the ground. So I cannot wonder that the enemy stabbed and shot every man, wounded or not, to death. And so my friends died, crying in their death agony on Christ, for Him to save, not their souls, but Serbia.

Just as it began Jacobs pulled me off Alat. "Lie down among your bushes, doctor," he said; "maybe they won't notice you. And now for Alat; she's too big to hide, and I'll shoot her before I let them dirty Schwabs get her."

He drew out a small whip that I had never seen before, for Alat had certainly never felt such a thing, and hurriedly stripping her of saddle, etc., he cracked it over her head; she reared stiffly, then fell over, to all appearances stone dead. Then I remembered that before the war Jacobs was a circus manager and Alat his performing mare, who evidently had been taught to "lie dead" at the crack of a whip. She saved herself and me by it now, for I could not have travelled without a horse, and as Jacobs scrambled off among the rocks the enemy came past. They did not see me, and there were too many poor dead horses lying on every road through Serbia for them to give Alat a second glance. At last they had finished and were gone, leaving the valley very still, only the snow was reddened everywhere. Then Jacobs was back, with Zorka. "I did not fight, doctor," she said; "I only ran away, and I think God hid me, for I could not kill when I am vowed to the Red Cross."

We three went on then with Alat over a terrible road, for we were past Kraguevatz now, climbing through the snow choked passes, with gloomy, cloud-capped hills all around. Some day some great writer will tell the awful story of the Serbian retreat from Kraguevatz. The army retreated, fighting along the hills, suffering, but not more than many armies have before. But the thousands of women and children and old people, struggling through a winter land to find some hiding place from this "Christian" invader, who was as frugal as any Turk.

The sky was very dark and set with frozen stars. The trees stood up black against the dead white snow, and I stopped to look at two of the many bodies as we passed. Both were women, in the white headresses sewn with small coins of the Serb women. They had not even a sheepskin over their thick woolen dresses and scarlet girdles. One held a tiny frozen baby in her arms, and the other lay against a rock with one arm held stiffly upward, its dead hand pointing at the sky. Matt. 24: 19, told their story—they were not strong enough to keep up with the others. But for two hundred years women as they were have not fled from fighting white men until now. These knew it was better to die the cold death among the snow than suffer the nameless abominations wrought on women like them by men of this nation who so loudly boast that God is on their side. I know He sees that dead hand raised to Him amid Serbian snows.

So with the crushing of Serbia another chapter in this great war ends, and I wait, with my friends, in the Allies' camp at Salonika, for its next unfolding. I know my country will never desert the Serb people.

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FURNESS SAILINGS

Table with columns: From London, From Halifax, From Liverpool, From Halifax. Includes dates and ship names like Shenandoah, Kanawha, Rappahannock, Tabasco, Promore, Graciana, Durango.

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H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Table with columns: Accom. Mon. & Fri., Time Table in effect January 4, 1915, Accom. Mon. & Fri. Includes stations like Lv. Middleton, Clarence, Bridgetown, Granville Centre, Granville Ferry, Karadale, Ak. Port Wade Lv.

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